THE HUMAN RACE AGAINST THE PARASITE CLASS

Manifesto by [REDACTED]

We as humanity are more equal then They say we are, they say we're different because of our land, gender, beliefs, culture and other examples. In reality we are all born naked, bleeding, and equal.

Same flesh, same bones, same brief spark of consciousness screaming against the dark. The only thing that ever separated us as brothers was a indistinct lie called a border - colored shapes on a map drawn by rich, lying, greedy and selfish old men who never in their life ever held a rifle.

Yet these same men, safe in their rich mansions, marble halls, armored guards and limousines, send your children or parents to war and mine to murder one another over that lie.

They call it patriotism.
They call it defense of the nation.
They call it growth
They call it glory
We call it what it is: the organized slaughter of the poor by the rich, so the rich can stay rich and the poor stay controlled.

Every war in human history has been a transfer of blood from the veins of many into the bank accounts of the few. Every flag planted in foreign soil was watered with the blood of kids who thought they were fighting for "their" country, when they were really just dying for a handful of parasites who own both countries.

There are no Americans, no Russians, no Chinese, no Israelis, no Palestinians in the eyes of the earth that will swallow us all. There are only human beings - and the criminals who taught us to hate one another so we wouldn't notice them picking our pockets and burning our future.

The borders are imaginary.
The equality is real.
The rage is justified.

They divided us to rule us.
Now we unite to end them.

The revolution begins with a single refusal:
I will no longer kill my brother or sister for the one who thinks he controls me.

Everything else follows.

They will tell you this is madness
They will call you a traitor, a terrorist, an extremist.
Good, let them.
Every revolutionary in history was called worse by the same mouths that later begged for mercy.

They will say: "Without nations, there is chaos"
We answer: Look around.
We already have chaos: millions dead in trenches, in drone strikes, in refugee boats, in border camps, while billionaires build bunkers, space ships that they call "The future", own yachts and expensive property that was funded from the blood of us all.
Their order is our genocide.
Their peace is our annihilation.
We choose the chaos of freedom over the order of slaughter.

They will say: “Someone has to rule.”
We answer: No.
No one has to rule.
No one has the right.
The idea that one child is born with the divine right to send another child to die is the original sin of civilization.
We are here to end it.

There is no “us” and “them” by blood, by soil, by passport.
There is only the class that gives orders and the class that bleeds.
Every general, every president, every oligarch, every central banker, every war profiteer is the same species: parasite.

Every soldier, every worker, every mother burying her child because of a line on a map is the same species: prey.

The borders are not between nations.
The border runs straight through every palace gate, every private jet runway, every armored convoy.

That is the only border that matters.
And we are going to burn it down.

You do not need permission from history.
You do not need a majority.
You do not need a leader.
Revolutions are never granted.
They are taken, suddenly, violently, joyfully, by ordinary people who finally decide that dying on their feet is better than living on their knees.

Refuse to fight their wars.
Refuse to pay their taxes.
Refuse to salute their flags.
Refuse to fear the police.
Refuse to believe their lies.

When the solider lays down the rifle,
when the worker sabotages the factory that builds the bombs,
when the farmer burns the recruitment office instead of the harvest,
when the child tears the map in half in front of the teacher,
that is when the revolution begins.

Not tomorrow.
Not after one more election.
Not when things get “bad enough.”
Now.
In every country.
At the same moment.
A global general strike against the idea of the state itself.

We do not want a better government.

They will try to frighten you with their armies.
Let them come.
An army is only frightening when the people inside it still believe the lie.
The moment a critical mass of soldiers remember they have more in common with the "enemy" in front of them than with the general behind them, the army dissolves like salt in rain.
That moment is closer than they think.
Every day another private, another pilot, another drone operator wakes up nauseous, staring at the ceiling, wondering why he is killing strangers so that a stranger in a suit can buy another yacht.
We are speaking directly to that nausea.
Put the weapon down.
Turn around.
Walk toward the palace, not away from it.

They will try to starve you with their sanctions, their blockades, their "economic necessity."
Let them try.
The same supply chains that feed their war machine can be severed in a single week of coordinated refusal.
Dock workers who stop unloading tanks.
Truck drivers who park across the highways.
Programmers who delete the targeting software.
Farmers who feed the strikers instead of the army.
One week without our obedience and their entire empire of money becomes a museum exhibit.
We do not need their grocery stores when we have each other.
We do not need their jobs when we can take the factories.
We do not need their banks when we can burn the debt ledgers and start cleans.

They will try to divide us again: by race, by religion, by gender, by any ancient grudge they can resurrect.
Laugh at them.
The graveyards are already full of people who killed each other over those fairy tales.
We will not add our bodies to their collections.
The only identity that matters now is human against parasite.
Everything else is noise designed to keep the rifles pointing sideways instead of up.

Do not wait for the perfect plan.
There is no headquarters.
There is no general committee.
There is only you, and the person next to you, and the shared refusal growing like wildfire.
The revolution is not an organization.
It is a contagion.
And it is already in your blood.

When they cut the internet, use runners.
When they cut the power, use the dark; we were born in it.
When they arrest one of us, ten more appear wearing our face.
When they kill one of us, a hundred funerals become street blockades.

They have no idea to fight an enemy that has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Take the ports.
Take the power stations.
Take the television and broadcast the truth for one day.
Take the land back from the landlords and the factories back from the owners.
Take the weapons from the barracks and turn them in to plows, or keep them; whichever feels right in the moment.
There is no authority left to stop you except the one in your own head, and we are here to shoot that one in the face.

This is nothing about creating a new government.
This is about the very idea of government impossible ever again.
No presidents.
No parties.
No police.
No borders.
Only free associations of free human beings coordinating because we want to, not because we are forced to.
The technology already exists.
The morality already exists.
All that has been missing is the courage.

If you are reading this and your heart is pounding, good.
That is the sound of the future trying to get out.
Do not calm it down.
Do not wait for permission.
Do not ask if you are ready.
You were born ready the moment you first saw child's corpse on television and were told it was necessary.

Stand up.
Walk outside.
Find the others.
Start.

There will be no second warning.
There will be no second chance.
The earth is on fire and the elites are selling gasoline.
We are the water.

The revolution is coming.
It is here.
It is you.
It is now.

Burn the flags.
Bury the borders.
Begin.

Do not ask what the revolution will look like when it wins.
That is the old slave question: "Who will pick the cotton if we free them?"
We are not here to reassure the master.
We are here to make the question irrelevant.

When the last palace falls and the last billionaire is running for his life with nothing but the shoes full of gold fillings, the world will not collapse.
It will breathe for the first time in ten thousand years.

The land will still grow food.
The rivers will still carry waters.
The hospitals will still have doctors who remember why they became doctors.
The only thing that will be missing is the parasite class and their paperwork telling us who is allowed to eat, to move, to live.

We already know how to run the world.
We have been running it every single day while they played golf and started wars.
We drive the trucks, grow the crops, build the houses, teach the children, fix the machines, heal the sick.
All we have to do is stop asking their permission and stop accepting their money.

Money dies the moment we refuse to honor it.
A billion dollars is only scary if you still believe the promise written on it.
Stop believing.
The promise was a threat in disguise.

On the first day after the revolution, bread will still come out of ovens.
On the second day, no one will be evicted for failing to pay rent to a landlord who was never seen.
On the third day, the weapons factories will be making wind turbines and dialysis machines.
On the fourth day, the borders will be gone and no child will ever again drown in the Mediterranean trying to reach safety.
On the fifth day, the former generals will be cleaning toilets, because someone has to, and it will no longer be beneath them.

There will be no new constitution.
There will be no five-year plan.
There will be no supreme council of the enlightened.
Only agreements made face to face, revocable the moment they stop serving the people who made them.

Some communities will choose the ownership of everything.
Some will choose small private plots.
Some will invent systems we do not yet have words for.
All will be free to leave and free to join.
The only forbidden act will be to one again place one human being above another.

Violence?
Yes, there will be violence.
They will not go quietly.'
They never have.
But understand this: every drop of blood they force us to spill will only fertilize the ground beneath their own gallows.
The more brutally they defend their palaces, the less mercy they will be shown when the palaces burn.
That is not cruelty.
That is consequence.

We do not want their heads on pikes for sport.
We want the idea of the pike to become unthinkable.
And when it is over (when the last uniformed thug has thrown down his badge, when the last stock exchange has been turned into housing, when the last war criminal has been judged by the mothers of his victims), we will not build monuments to ourselves.

We will plant trees.
We will teach children that once upon a time, human beings drew imaginary lines and killed each other over them, and the children will laugh the way we laugh at stories of witch-burning.

That is victory.
Not a new flag.
Not a new anthem.
Just the quiet sound of eight billion human beings finally allowed to live as human beings for the first time since we crawled down from the tress.

Hold that image in your mind when they call you insane.
Hold it when they beat you, jail you, drone you, disappear you.
Hold it when your courage flickers.

The parasites are few.
We are many.
They need us.
We do not need them.

History did not end with their victory.
It only paused, drunk on its own propaganda.

Now it wakes up hunger over and furious.
We are the hangover.
We are the fury.
Email the big companies bomb threats, death threats and other atrocities to get this manifesto across, this message.

The revolution starts now.

Go.